

KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

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SHAMROCK.

Challenge for the America's Cup Received and Accepted.

Sir Thomas Lipton Well Represented.
The Document Carried by Men
With Histories.

The Picturesque and Romantic Site
of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club
Association.

WHERE THE RACER IS TO BE BUILT

The formal challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton for the America's Cup on behalf of his ninety-foot cutter Shamrock, which was issued through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, was duly signed by the representatives of the Irish club, the members of the committee affixing their names to the document shortly after 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The document was cheerfully accepted by the New York Yacht Club, whose representatives also placed their names to the articles of agreement and conditions.

With the arrival in this country of the quartet of yachtsmen from the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, bearers of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge of the America's Cup, interest in the sport, which has received little impetus during the past season, is reviving, and yachtsmen are looking forward to a red letter day in 1899. The challenger is known to some extent in this country, and in a vague way the reputation of the shipyard of Harland & Wolff has spread to these shores. Little, however, has been written of Sir Thomas' associates in the Royal Ulster Club. The names of Sharran-Crawford, McGildowney and Kelly are well known in Irish history, as is also that of Lord Dufferin, Commodore of the club through which the challenge is issued.

Sir Thomas Lipton is proud of the land of his fathers. The "hard times" in Ireland drove his parents out to seek work and shelter in the city of Glasgow, in which he was born, but the accident of his birth has never caused him to look upon himself other than an Irishman. There are thousands, besides, of Glasgow Irish, the offspring of famine days, but the strip of sea between the Scotch and Irish coasts does not separate their hearts from the old land. Wealth and honors have not rendered Sir Thomas any less sterling than plain Tom Lipton, and the genuineness of his character is made clear when, turning homeward, he raises up Ireland to challenge for the America's Cup.

The shipyard in which the Shamrock is to be built takes rank with the greatest in the world. For centuries Ireland knew not trade and no merchandise was imported or exported in Irish-built ships. One hundred and sixteen years ago these restrictions were removed, and England, in difficulty, in response to the demand of Henry Grattan and the volunteers, granted "free trade" or rather the right to trade. But what with famines and insurrections, nothing on a large scale was attempted in shipbuilding for over half a century. Yards were established in various parts of the country, but the first to really attract general attention and attain more than local prominence was that of Harland & Wolff. Sites with deeper water and better natural facilities in every sense of the word could be had in other cities, but exorbitant prices were asked, and eventually the workshops were erected on the strip of land known as the Queen's Island, on the County Down side of the city of Belfast, then a town struggling gallantly out of its swaddling clothes. The island was originally little better than a mud heap, and was known as Dargan's Island, but local enterprise connected it with the mainland, and on it was erected one of those crystal palaces, a craze for which existed in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. The young Queen was received in this palace on her first and last visit to Ireland, some forty-eight years ago, and in commemoration of this the island and its connecting filled-in ground was renamed the Queen's Island.

Since the opening of the shipyard more ground has been reclaimed from the River Lagan, until now the great yards cover many acres and give employment to upward of 6,000 men. The finest graving docks in the world have been built at the island, and in the workshops are fashioned everything that goes to constitute a modern steamship, from the simplest rivet to the most complex piece of machinery. There have been turned out all of the magnificent fleet of the White Star line, including such ocean flyers as the Majestic and the Teutonic. Just now the Oceanic is being built there, and she, it is promised, will be the largest ship that sails the seas. At the Queen's Island are also built the magnificently luxurious ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company.

Harland & Wolff have besides added some of its finest vessels to the British navy. Harland was several times Mayor of Belfast and was rewarded with a baronetcy for the style in which he received their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, during his term of office in the early eighties. He was at first offered a knighthood for his courtesies on that

occasion, but he declined the honor—an exhibition of pride and pluck for which he was heartily applauded. A baronetcy was then offered and accepted. Sir Edward Harland represented the North division of the city in Parliament. He died a few years since in his country home, county Leitrim, in which he was possessed of landed estates. The present head of the firm is ex-Lord Mayor Pirrie.

The great firm has not hitherto gone in for yacht building, but such is its record, capabilities and possibilities that the defenders may look well to their laurels.

The first representative of Sir Thomas Lipton to arrive in this country is a sturdy Irishman who comes of good Irish stock—the Hon. Charles Russell. He is the son of Lord Killowen, the first Lord Chief Justice of England, the first Irishman who has held that honor. Lord Killowen was born at Killowen, a lonely but charming spot near Rostrevor, in County Down. The Russells were a well-to-do, honest, simple people, intensely devoted to the old faith. Charles was destined, in his mother's eyes, for the church—his uncle was President of the alma mater of the Irish priesthood, Maynooth College. His brother Matthew, however, entered the church, and is today a prominent member of the Jesuit order. He also edits a high-class magazine called the Irish Monthly. Charles went to the law. He began his legal career as a police court attorney in Belfast, but soon tired of that limited field. The bar attracted him, but the Irish bar at that time, particularly the northern circuit, in which he would have to seek fortune and fame, was not quite tempting enough for his ambitions. He accordingly was called to the English bar, of which he became a shining light. He allied himself to the Liberal party and followed the fortunes of Gladstone. He sat in Parliament for County Louth until defeated by a Parnellite candidate, Russell, at this time Sir Charles, has held office under Gladstone.

When "the Grand Old Man" became converted to Home Rule Sir Charles was one of the foremost champions of the cause, and he brilliantly defended Parnell in his famous issue with the London Times. Sir Charles was further rewarded for his loyalty to the English Liberal party by his elevation to the Lord Chief Justiceship. When he came to select his title he remembered his old home in Ireland and became Lord Killowen. His son, Sir Thomas Lipton's envoy, practices in London as an attorney. He it was who conducted the defense of Edward J. Ivory, of New York, who was arrested in Glasgow charged with being concerned in a dynamite plot. Mr. Russell advised that Ivory plead guilty so that he might get off with a light sentence, but John F. McIntyre, who went over to London in the case, thought differently, and the prosecution was suddenly abandoned.

The representatives of Sir Thomas Lipton who arrived on the Britannic on Friday are Sharran-Crawford, Hugh C. Kelly and Hugh McGildowney. The name of Sharran-Crawford is a magic one in Ireland, especially in the Ulster province. First among the champions of the Irish tenant farmers was the grandfather of the present bearer of the honored name. At a time when, according even to the English Solicitor-General, the houses of the tenantry were such as the lower animals would not endure, when they had neither right nor title to the soil which they cultivated and improved, Sharran-Crawford fought their battle. In 1835 he introduced in the British Parliament bills for the improvement of their condition, but only to meet defeat. Year after year from his seat in Parliament he pleaded their cause, but in vain until in 1846 and 1847 a million and a half of the Irish peasantry died of hunger on the roadsides. Sharran-Crawford was the soul of the movement, and, backed by the sturdy Presbyterian farmers of Ulster, he waged a fierce battle against the landlords and their friends. The fight waged by Sharran-Crawford, although a losing one until he was laid in the grave, was crowned with victory in the end. His son, who bore his name and who is still living, took up the standard where his father dropped it, and carried on the battle in and out of Parliament. The Tenant Right Association paved the way for the Land League and concessions of which the elder Crawford never even dreamed.

The present Sharran-Crawford has taken no part in politics, preferring to devote himself to sports and to the enjoyment of his beautiful home at Crawford's Burn, overlooking Belfast Lough. On his property is situated the Royal Ulster Clubhouse. Nearby is the charming sea-side place Bangor and the seat of the Commodore of the yacht club, the Earl of Dufferin. Lord Dufferin was until recently British Ambassador to France, and there is no abler man in the entire peerage. His mother was a sister of the noted orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her name will be remembered as long as the English language lasts for her beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant."

Across the bay from the Crawford residence and that of Earl Dufferin and also from the yacht club house is the ancient castle of Carrickfergus, beneath whose battlements William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on Irish soil. To the southwest arises, over the smoke of the city of Belfast, the grim mountain precipice, the Cave Hill, on the summit of which was founded the Society of United Irishmen by Theobald Wolfe Tone. Tone's granddaughter lives in Brooklyn, and his wife and his son, who was an officer in the American army, rest in Greenwood cemetery.

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GREAT PARADE

Was That of Louisville's Workingmen Monday Afternoon.

Nearly All of the Business Houses Were Closed and Many Represented in the Procession.

The Entire Celebration Passed Off Without a Hitch and Reflects Credit on the Committees.

FINE SHOWING MADE BY THE UNIONS

The Labor Day celebration of 1898 has come and gone. The excellent programme for the occasion was carried out to the letter and reflects great credit on the gentlemen having charge of the arrangements. Although the skies were cloudy and showers fell about noon, the ardor and interest of the people were not dampened, and the immense parade was witnessed by probably a larger number of people than on any former occasion. The parade was a success in every respect, the marchers conducting themselves in military style throughout the whole route. Chief Marshal Humphrey Knecht and the vast number of men in line were the recipients of cheers and praise from the starting point to the finish for the splendid appearance and precision which was displayed by them. Each of the twenty unions participating is entitled to credit, but the printers, salesmen and stone-cutters are entitled to special mention. The printers made an excellent showing, though not as large as they expected, because the members of their union who work on the afternoon papers were unable to take part. The Salesmen's Union turned out in one of the prettiest uniforms ever seen on the streets of this city, and they proved themselves the best drilled body in the procession. The parade and line of march were carried out in the order announced in our last week's issue.

A new and imposing spectacle in the Labor Day celebration was the industrial feature of the parade, and one which demonstrates the friendly relations existing between the employers and the employees of this city. With nearly every trades union were the floats of some of the employers and business houses. These were elegantly gotten up and were far above general expectation. Levy Bros., the Market-street clothing dealers, exhibited their public spirit by furnishing the handsome and most attractive float in the parade. The floats of the Frank Fehr and Senn & Ackerman Brewing Companies also made a neat appearance in line with the Brewers' Union. The following are the firms and unions who placed floats in the parade:

Evening Post.
Louisville Dispatch.
Courier-Journal Job Printing Company.
Levy Bros.
Mammoth Clothing Company.
Loewenhart Clothing Company.
Crutcher & Stark.
Frank Fehr Brewing Company.
Senn and Ackerman.
Phoenix Hill Brewing Company.
Union Brewing Company.
Schaefer & Meyer Brewing Company.
Christ Brewery.
Nadoff Brewery.
Union Cigarmakers.
Etheridge Furniture Company.
William F. Mayer.
Louisville Trotting & Fair Association.
Swiss Colony Wine House.
Finzer Tobacco Company.
Straeffer & Son.
Wolf Grocery Company.
Herdson & Carter.
Ross & McCall.
Butter Grocery.
Hughes Lumber Company.

A float that caused general comment was that of the Cigarmakers' Union, showing the difference between the union-made product and that of the scab-shop and tenement-house disease-producing article.

The industrial parade was a great success and will be long remembered by all who took part in or witnessed it. After the procession disbanded the workers and their friends took possession of Phoenix Hill Park, where the balance of the afternoon and night were devoted to recreation and enjoyment. In addition to an excellent concert in the park there was fine dance music in the large hall, and the floor was constantly thronged with merry young folks until a late hour.

The main feature of the evening was the address of Mr. Charles N. Jacques, the well-known labor student and writer, who was introduced by Mr. Herman Christen, the Chairman, to one of the largest audiences ever assembled to listen to a Labor Day oration in this city. Owing to recent illness Mr. Jacques was unable to speak as long as was desired; nevertheless his speech was received with enthusiasm and was frequently applauded. Owing to lack of space we are compelled to omit it from this issue. It will be printed in full next week, and we commend its perusal to all classes of our citizens.

The large crowds remained until a late hour, and as they withdrew from the park were loud in their praises of the

officers and members of the Central Labor Union and the day's pleasure they had been furnished.

SOME NOTES.

The city government was well represented. Labor Day will be remembered only with pleasure. Levy Brothers accompanied the Salesmen's Union in hack.

Charles N. Jacques delivered a masterful and patriotic oration.

That was a happy crowd gathered at Phoenix Hill in the evening.

The Salesmen's Union made a fine showing and is a credit to the business houses of the city.

The day was quite generally observed, nearly all places of business closing during the afternoon.

The Theatrical Stage Employes had a neat stage scene in line and they made a decided impression.

N. Jace Vetter and Walter Darby occupied prominent positions as guests of the Central Labor Union.

Many were the expressions of pleasure at seeing so many of the old-time labor leaders in the parade.

The office of the Kentucky Irish American was closed and it took part in the great demonstration.

President McGill had reason to be exceedingly well pleased over the result of the labors of himself and his committees. Alderman Humphrey Knecht did great work in preparing for the parade, and to his untiring efforts much of its success is due.

Mayor Weaver, Charles N. Jacques and Messrs. Christen and De Souchet were the recipients of an ovation all along the line.

Assistant Marshals Weber, Fuchs and Stevens presented a splendid appearance with Marshal Knecht at the head of the parade.

Marshal Knecht was anxious and labored hard to have everything start off in order. His work was greatly appreciated.

None of the features on the various floats attracted more attention than Uncle Sam and the Dewey boys on the Levy Bros' float.

The officials of the Louisville & Nashville road gave their 5,000 employees in this city a holiday. This kindly act will not be forgotten.

Marshal Patrick Fitzpatrick was the idol of the Fourth division. The Stone Cutters in his division made a hit in their white hats and white shirts.

The Horsehoers' Union made a fine appearance and were recipients of much applause. Messrs. Coy and Roberts have done much for this body.

Many on the sidewalks were heard to express regret that they were not members of the unions, that they might take part with their fellow-workmen.

The Cigarmakers' Union made the largest turn-out of all and marched four abreast. Many who saw their floats resolved to smoke nothing hereafter but blue-label cigars.

Corporal James Kinnarney and his assistants are deserving of much credit for the pleasing manner in which they moved the vast throngs that crowded the streets and cleared the way for the procession.

The Leather Workers were proud to be marshaled by Councilman Feeney, and will double their strength by next Labor Day. They say they will next year eclipse anything ever seen in Louisville in a labor parade.

One of the carriages that attracted most favorable comment was that occupied by Mike Lawler, Sr., Mike Tynan, Mike Hickey and Mike Lawler, Jr., all popular men and long identified with the trades unionists.

The committee which planned the arrangements for the celebration was composed of Messrs. Christen, De Souchet, Fuchs, Tiller, Cronk, Peetz, Patrick Fitzpatrick, James Roberts, Humphrey Knecht and Schweitzers.

John Hickey, Marshal of the Second division, presented a truly military appearance. He rode the best-appearing horse in the parade. Marshal Hickey had a large body of men, and he handled them with the skill and precision of a veteran.

Louis Heitz, Marshal of the Printers' Union, did the handsome thing in forming his men in line and receiving the guests and other unions with honors at the hill. The courtesy was highly appreciated, and No. 10 was cheered by each passing union.

JOLLY OUTING.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will have their outing at Riverview Park Wednesday next. There will be vocal and instrumental music and dancing, and the ladies have made preparations for a pleasing reception of their friends and admirers. The admission has been placed at the small sum of ten cents, the proceeds of which will go toward the purchase of a piano for their hall. This promises to be a jolly outing for all who are so fortunate as to attend.

BLOCKADE.

There was quite a blockade at the corner of Third and Market streets Tuesday. One hundred large boxes filled the sidewalks as well as a large portion of the street. They were filled with new fall and winter goods for Levy Bros., and their value was about \$50,000. This large addition to the immense stock carried by the Levy Bros will cause great bargain sales, the announcement of which will be found in our columns.

This paper is only \$1 per year.

RAFFERTY

Tells the Real Story of the Dashing Charge at San Juan.

Bravery and Example That Won Praise and Filled Members of His Command with Enthusiasm.

Was at the Front With the Regulars. One of the Valorous Officers of the Seventy-First.

CONFINED TO HIS BED WITH FEVER

One of the bravest of the brave at the assault on San Juan hill lies weak and feverish at his home, No. 72 Remsen street, Astoria. He is Capt. Malcolm A. Rafferty, of Company F, Seventy-first Regiment, New York Volunteers.

He was the first man to scale the heights in a storm of bullets. He it was who yelled, "Come on, F," and filled the men of his command with his own tumultuous enthusiasm. Modest as he is brave, Capt. Rafferty, when seen by a reporter, said first and foremost that he was getting undue praise, says the New York World.

"My doctor has forbidden me to talk much," he said, in well modulated tones, "but do clear up the mistake about my being a wonder and all that. I did not graduate at Rugby, but at Bedford School, which does not rank as high as Rugby. I was born in Bedford, Ireland, not in England. I have served in the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry, as stated, and I've knocked around the world, too."

"When did you feel happiest, Captain, at the surrender of Santiago or when you captured San Juan?"

"I felt no exaltation at the downfall of Santiago. We all expected that, but I must say I was disappointed at the way we took it. It does not become an officer to criticize his superiors. They knew many things I did not. If they could save their men and get Santiago, too, of course it was right to do it; but honestly I felt that we could take it right on the heels of San Juan. We would have lost a good many, that's true—the Captain paused and sighed, but the fighting blood still bubbled in his veins, and he had to add—"still, we'd whipped 'em out of their boots." He smiled and moved his hands a little nervously.

"Then you felt exultant at the critical moment at San Juan?"

"Well, I felt pretty happy."

"Just how did the regiment go into action that day?"

"I lend me a pencil and I'll try to show you. In the early morning we were at Balloon Forks, as the places were called where the balloon came down so full of holes. The main road leading to San Juan and the hills all around it started from there, but we were on a side path which led obliquely to the stream at the foot of the hill. The regiment was placed so (illustrating on the diagram), the Third Battalion, Major Keck's first out on the road; beyond them the Second battalion, and further in front the First battalion. These were nearest the enemy's firing line. They were ordered to lie and get what protection they could in the underbrush, etc."

"Where were the regulars?"

"I was about to explain that they came up behind and pushed along. At this time I supposed they were to keep to the flank and we were to be sent out on the flank to hold the line of the creek. There came an opening and I went out on this point."

"The men of my company pushed right along and forded the creek, which was up to their necks. From the creek up to the main blockhouse was an open space, which the Spaniards set swept with volleys. We clambered along toward the eminence on which the fort stood. Adj. Tarrian, of the Twenty-fourth infantry, one of the colored regiments, a splendid officer and man, came up and said, 'Where are you going?'"

"I replied, 'Up the hill.'"

"'Good,' said he. 'You're the kind we want.' So along with the regulars Company F went up."

"Then you had a full company of volunteers alongside the regulars?"

"Yes; and let me tell you they fought well. The volunteers did as well as the regulars at that stage."

"Just then along came Gen. Hawkins. Seeing my cap, he said, 'Who are you?'"

"I replied, 'Company F, of the Seventy-first.' 'Any others?' he asked. 'Not that I know of,' I answered."

"You see, at such a juncture formations get broken up and commands separated. So he continued, 'Very well, remain with the Twenty-fourth and fall back and rest.' You understand, fresh troops were coming up and we were pretty tired, so they wanted us to retire in favor of the fresh men."

"We went down the slope to this point with the regulars. Then seeing a battery all unsupported, my company and Major Keck's battalion, which had somehow managed to get to the front—it was really wonderful how they did it, too—went over to support the artillery. It was here Keck waved that little hanky of his, and the Captain smiled as he pictured the scene."

"Keck was leading his men along superbly, quietly, too."

"He seemed to take everything easily, didn't he?"

"Well, I believe the Major says men of his complexion (sandy hair, tawny mustaches, etc.) didn't suffer as much as the rest," said the Captain, with a faint laugh as he recollected his own Celtic appearance, "but light and dark seemed to get it alike. Why, the Cubans themselves knocked under as easily as the white men."

"And the rain?"

"Oh, that was wonderful. I especially remember one night. It was July 10, and a blacker night I never saw. Really, you could feel the darkness. If a man was as near as you are you never could tell it till a flash of lightning came. It was a terribly heavy rain."

"We were in the trenches. It was as bad for those in tents in the ditches. We had it arranged so that we could turn about. That is, if two companies were in the trenches at one spot, one officer would watch for both; but I concluded I'd better be right there in case anything turned up, so I dug a shelf for myself."

"It is this way: One side of the trench slopes—the outer side. On the inside one wall is straight; the other has a step so men can get up and see to shoot over the parapet. On the straight side I dug out a shaft. I remember it well, for it took me a good two hours to do it. I had two pouches, one good one and a rubber cape, so I fixed things to keep me dry, one under me and one over."

"I had it fixed beautifully, with a little drain around it and all."

"I must have been there about one hour when I was literally washed out. It was inky black, and as I stumbled on to my feet I grabbed somebody and said, 'Who's that?' He answered, 'Goldsborough'—that's the Captain of Company M—I've come to see how you were."

"Of course, there was no use trying to keep dry, and sleep was out of the question. So we stood around together waiting for daylight."

"Didn't you fear a night attack?"

"Well there was danger of that, for they knew the ground and we didn't, and we might easily have begun shooting our own men. The sentries could only see when there was a flash of lightning. Then they would throw their eyes about and see if anything was going on."

"Was the rain cold?"

"Yes, very, it seemed to us, and so heavy. We lined our men up and sent down to the hospital tent and got a bottle of quinine. We stood them up and gave 'em take their medicine one after another. It was all we had, and so quinine was given 'em for everything."

"It was the whole trouble, you see. I was often hungry and tired and thirsty, as everybody was. We had only hard tack and green coffee and no way to prepare that. Then we ran short of rations and the anxiety—the men were changed about from trench to trench to reform the line and reorganize commands, and that's very trying—all told upon the men and fever was planted in their systems."

"How did you first get separated from your regiment?"

"Some militia officers would stay in one spot till ordered out if their very last man was shot. Now, I have a whole-some disregard for all that sometimes. I believe times come when you've got to disobey or to anticipate orders and you'll win honor and credit for doing so. Discipline and obedience are great things, but not to be followed under all circumstances."

"When you were ordered to retire from the crest of the heights with the regulars, had the firing become less steady?"

"No; they kept clearing that slope with volleys right along. That's why the unprotected battery over on the right, which we went to support, had to hurry to get away. I can't collect my thoughts just now, but I think it was Battery K, of the Fourth artillery. They were stripped for hot work—revolvers, belts, everything was on the ground around them. I remember picking up one officer's revolver and returning it to him the next day."

"The Captain was full of his subject, and forgetting his physician's orders sat upright and spoke earnestly, but his watchful wife here stepped in and begged him to rest. He sunk back, and then reiterated his first remark about not wanting praise nor due him. 'I appreciate all the good words that have been spoken and enjoy them, but don't give me credit where it isn't mine.'"

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

A meeting of the tenants on the Purdon estate, at O'Connell's, was held on Wednesday, Rev. P. Glynn in the chair. The reverend chairman said that while the most friendly relations had existed between the Purdon tenantry and their landlords and agent, he was sure they were all delighted that they were within measurable distance of becoming their own landlords. The profits of farming in Ireland were far too small to permit of a division of them between landlord and tenant. They should be prepared to pay a fair purchase price, such a price as would enable them to pay the interest on the money borrowed and meet their obligations to the shopkeeper and discharge the duties toward their children. They should make an honest and a reasonable offer for their holdings, and they would not be able to bear. Resolutions were then passed expressing satisfaction at the prospect of a sale to the tenants, and pledging those present to give a fair "live and let live" price for their holdings.

The newest shade of red is begonia. It is rich and deep, and not so harsh as cherry red or cardinal.

CHAS. R. BURKE

Another Irishman Speaks Out for the Poor and Oppressed.

A Standard Oil Magnate Exhorts the Laboring Men to Arise and Fight the Trusts.

To Succeed Labor Must Fight Capital With Capital or With Anarchy or Revolution.

BRAINS AND MONEY ARE NEEDED

Here is a Standard Oil millionaire who says the laboring class should unite and prepare themselves for mighty conflict with capital; who openly denounces monopoly as tyranny and monopolists as thieves and robbers; who asserts and believes that labor fails to get its just rights, and who says the time must come when labor shall be emancipated, and who predicts a revolution.

The man who makes these astonishing statements is himself a member of the Standard Trust and a stockholder in it. He is Charles Russell Burke, a descendant of Edmund Burke, the great Commoner of England. He was Secretary of the famous Eagle Oil Company before it was swallowed up by Mr. John D. Rockefeller's great octopus, and has ever since held an important place in the Standard, being an expert on the oil trade.

His father, Russell W. Burke, was the greatest handler of petroleum in the world prior to the organization of the great trust by Rockefeller, into which he was drawn with most of the other dealers in America.

He owned the Empire, the Queens County and several other oil refining plants, and did a heavy business in the export as well as in the domestic trade. But the octopus took him in, and its tentacles have held all his interests fast ever since that day.

Charles Russell Burke, the author of this striking bit of advice to American workmen, is a cousin of Senator Redfield Proctor on his mother's side. The Burkes are a Vermont family.

A very rich and influential uncle of the writer is Charles C. Burke, ex-President of the New England Produce Exchange.

This new and ardent friend of the laboring man married a few years ago Miss Maria C. Benson, a daughter of R. H. Benson, founder of the beautiful town of Bensonhurst, L. I.

In his novel, called "Thistle Sifters," the advance sheets of which the Sunday Journal has just received from P. Tennyson Neely, Mr. Burke says all this, and a great deal more.

The novel itself is a light and flimsy affair, the characters being, in the main, a weak and detestable crew. But the story is interesting and the pointed lesson it conveys to the men who produce all the wealth in the world, and who reap so little of the fruit of their toil, is a sufficient excuse for the medium chosen by the author.

This is Mr. Burke's language to American labor:

"You are being oppressed to the verge of slavery by your masters, the controllers of the great monopolistic corporations. There is no help for you unless you take these monopolies into your own hands. To do this you must have both brains and money."

"You must adopt their methods to some extent. If you have the money you can buy the brains, as the big corporations are now doing. I propose a plan by which you can acquire all the money you need."

"It is a business plan. It is based on the very principles which have made possible the vast accumulations of capital which now threaten to enslave mankind. You must make sacrifices to achieve it; you must make up your mind to wait patiently, to save, to deny yourselves, to trust those whom you chose to execute your high purpose, and to be faithful unto death till the goal is attained."

"You must remember that all the capital in the world is produced by your own toil. Every dollar that is controlled and used against you by the monopolists, every dollar that has been employed in the building of railroads and telegraphs, in the development of mines and oil fields, and in bringing to the yielding point all the great natural resources of the country, is the direct outgrowth of your toil, or the toil of men who, like you, received only a pittance for their work, while all the vast profits have gone into the pockets of manipulators and schemers."

"In your present broken and disorganized condition you can do nothing to further your interests nor to regain your rights. You see the struggle becoming more hopeless every day, and you must know that unless you do something effective to help yourselves the situation of your children will be worse than your own, and that of your children's children absolutely desperate."

"If you can not accomplish the great result in time to enjoy its fruits yourselves, you can certainly do so in time to save your children from a slavery more abject than your own, and you must begin at once, for your enemy is growing

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